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HARD TIMES.



Or else, a bold knave, he won't let go your nose.

WELL, since you request it, I'll sing you a song,
And tell you how people do jumble along;
But the times are so bad, that we scarcely can live,
So I nothing shall ask, if you've nothing to give,
In these hard times.

The Doctor will dose you with physic and squills,
With blisters and clysters, and powders, and pills;
Till your cash is expended, then breathing a home,
He will cry out, poor man, your time it is come,
But it is hard times.

The Clothier will cry out his dye-stuff is scarce,
And as for bank bills, they are all but a farce;
So he must have silver for all that is due,
Yet logwood, soap and vinegar, make a good blue,
In these hard times.

The Tailor will cry out, your pattern is small,
But he may get you a garment by saving it all;
Your silk, your twist, your thread and your lining,
He'll cabbage one half, then charge you for trimming,
In these hard times.

The Priest he will tell you which may you must steer,
To save your poor souls, which he holdeth so dear;
But if he don't draw something out of your purse,
He will take off his blessing and whack on a curse,
In these hard times.

The Lawyer will tell you your case it is clear,
If you've plenty of cash you have nothing to fear;
But his fees by bar rules he certainly squares,
And then there's left nothing at all for your heirs,
In these hard times.

The Merchant on goods must have fifty per cent,
And as much crave on old debts, and cash that is lent;
But still he has luxuries plenty on hand,
Which he'll coax you to buy, then grapple your land,
In these hard times.

The Miller declares he will grind for your toll,
And do your work well as he can for his soul;
But if you turn your back, with his dish in his fist,
He will leave you the toll, and himself take the grist,
In these hard times.

The Carpenter will tell you he'll build you a house,
So tight and so snug, it won't harbor a mouse,
For two dollars a day, but he won't take a job,
Though he and his apprentice won't half earn their grog,
In these hard times.

The Blacksmith will cry out, his stock is so dear,
He cannot trust out his work but a year;
He'll set a few shoes, or mend your old plough,
And by the next fall he must have your best cow,
For 'tis hard times.

The Tanner, he snatches at every hide
Of your sheep, and your cattle, and horses you ride;
And by the next winter they're lost or proved rotten,
And all that's not marked are surely forgotten,
In these hard times.

The Shoemaker whistles, and hammers, and sweats,
And promises work to pay off his old debts;
You shall have it next week, if existence is spared,
But when the time comes he is never prepared,
For 'tis hard times.

The Pedler declares that his goods are the best
That ever were brought from the East or the West;
That tin-ware and jewelry, hair-combs and clocks,
Are quite necessary for all clever folks,
In these hard times.

The Jeweller works in the finest of gold,
And makes the best ear-rings that ever were sold;

Tells his pedlers to lie, to dispel ladies' fears,
Till canker and verdigris eat off their ears,
In these hard times.

The School-master rages for want of more pay,
And declares he will have it, or else go away;
Ninety days in each quarter he is strutting about,
Though four weeks make a month, leaving Saturday out,
In these hard times.

The Tinker, he'll tell you he'll mend all your ware,
For little or nothing, but cider and beer,
But in a small patch he'll put nails a full score,
And in stopping one hole he makes twenty more,
In these hard times.

The Barber declares he don't labor for pelf,
Only shaves every blockhead that can't shave himself;
But six cents he must have, from his friends or his foes,
Or else, a bold knave, he won't let go your nose,
In these hard times.

The Saddler, so honest, declares he can't cheat,
With his narrow wool web, and his sheepskin for seat;
A little bog hay for to stuff out the pads,
And must have twenty dollars of our country lads,
In these hard times.

The old Farmer declares he has nothing to spare,
And wishes that Congress would give him a share
Of the surplus cash, to fill up his purse,
And he'd swear he is poor, or any thing worse,
In these hard times.

The Hatter will tell you he'll make you a hat,
From the fleece of a sheep, or a skunk, or a cat;
But he'll take out the fur, and jam in the wool,
And much more he will do, his neighbor to fool,
In these hard times.

The Baker he bakes all the bread that we eat,
And likewise the Butcher kills all our fat meat;
They'll hang on the steelyards and make them bear down,
And swear there's good weight, when it lacks half a pound,
In these hard times.

The Fiddler will tell you he'll play such a night,
For four dollars he'll play till it's broad day light;
But before two o'clock, he is sleepy and dull,
He'll take some more grog, then he can't play at all,
In these hard times.

Then there is the Sheriff, I almost forgot,
And he is the worst bird we have in our flock;
He will go to your house and take what he please,
And when he's got all, he will double his fees,
O! then, 'tis hard times.

The Weaver he'll tell you he's good at his trade,
If you will fetch your yarn, good cloths shall be made;
But if you watch closely this lover of pelf,
He's pilfering yarn all the time for himself,
In these hard times.

The Hunter for games, searches mountains and hills,
Every thing that he meets he immediately kills;
To wind up the mischief, the good man, perhaps,
Hooks a coon, or a fox, from another man's traps,
In these hard times.

The Cooper, he warrants his work to be nice,
It never will fail, if you keep it from ice;
Full twelve month, or longer, I'll wait for the pay,
The work tumbles down, you are sued by the way,
In these hard times.

The Printer he'll tell you, "Friend, now is the time
To hear from Old England, or some distant clime;"
Believe me, poor man, he's your money in view,
Perhaps, when too late, you will find my words true,
In these hard times.

The Sailor, when spicing a storm drawing near,
Will lift up his hands to his Maker in fear;
But soon as a calm, he's forgetful of death,
And pours impious curses at every breath,
In these hard times.

The Ostler will give your horse plenty of hay,
And when your back's turn'd, he'll take it away;
For oats he puts chaff, and in corn mixes bran,
And still he cries out, I'm too honest a man,
In these hard times.

The Tavern-keeper and his wife, both will scold,
And call me a villain, perhaps, I'm so bold;
But hand me a drop, just to moisten my clay,
And I'll certainly stop, and no more will I say,
About hard times.

Sold wholesale and retail, by LEONARD DEMING, at the Sign of the Barber's Pole, No. 61, Hanover Street, Boston, and at MIDDLEBURY, Vt.